







## The Servants' Hall

A Domestic History of Endling  
MERLIN WATERSON

Foreword by the Marquess of Anglesey  
The Yorks of Eddig, near  
Wraxham in North Wales, commis-  
sioned more portraits of their ser-  
vants than they did of their own  
family. They also wrote reams of  
verse praising their staff, and pre-  
served inventories which give a  
picture of the more mundane details  
of what service at Eddig involved.  
From all these records, Merlin  
Waterson has drawn a picture of life  
in a squire's household from the  
early eighteenth century until the  
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'Merlin Waterson has written a  
history of a stately home that has far  
more to say about below stairs than  
above. The house and this book are  
monuments of the folk history 'one  
usually forgets'. — Philip Howard,  
*The Times*  
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13 JUNE, 1980

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## A Gandhi in flannel bags

By Eric Stokes

HUGH TINKER:  
The Ordeal of Love  
C. F. Andrews and India.  
355pp. Oxford University Press.  
£8.50.  
0 19 561146 2

In the lengthening line of books  
that now stands to Hugh Tinker's  
credit, this is one of his best. It is  
a work of supererogation, a bio-  
graphy prompted by the compelling  
force of C. F. Andrews's personality,  
which Tinker encountered when  
reading Andrews's letters to Lord  
Hardinge during the course of writ-  
ing his recent trilogy on the history  
of Indian migration and indentured  
labour. As such it is a piece of re-  
markable scholarship infused with  
an underlying warmth unusual in a  
historian whose professional duties  
have lain with the dry-as-dust records  
of the British-Indian bureaucracy.

As Tinker bluntly acknowledges  
in his prologue Andrews is today  
almost a forgotten man. The small  
group of Britons who tried to help  
the historical process towards  
Indian independence have slipped  
from sight. History's recording  
angel never asks after the  
gone-between. Yet Andrews deserves  
to be saved from oblivion. After the  
Munster the British community was  
steadily deformed of personality. It  
seemed to have gone into uniform  
and adopted a public mask, not  
even the missionaries escaping from  
a caste stereotype. Such a society  
was in need of eccentricity, and  
Andrews, maddening though he was,  
made his mark as a sort of white  
Gandhi. When invited by Gordon  
Guggisberg, the celebrated Governor  
of the Gold Coast, to lunch at the  
Army and Navy Club, Andrews was  
at first refused entry by the porter,  
dressed as he was in a white  
flannel bag, a very  
ancient woollen knitted waistcoat,  
a frayed cricket shirt, a wisp of a  
beard, and an ancient black coat, the  
worst... ever seen. But Guggis-  
berg received him with immense  
respect and later sent him off in a  
taxi, feeling as though he 'had  
been honoured to give lunch to our  
Lord'. Hugh Tinker, who was at  
one time Director of the Institute  
of Race Relations, has evidently  
found that Andrews' likewise  
touched an inner chord in relation  
to his own work and personality. He  
writes sensitively:  
This book has two contrasting

themes. The dominant theme is  
that of personal relationships: the  
growth of affection and love be-  
tween people of different races,  
different cultures, and different  
classes. The minor theme is that  
of the penetration of circles of  
power and influence by an out-  
sider, and his capacity to bring  
about change by persuasion, and  
sometimes by direct assault. At  
the centre of it all stands Charles  
Frederick Andrews, uncertain of him-  
self, impetuous, at some times  
irrational, at all times vulner-  
able.

As a young man at Cambridge in  
the early 1890s Andrews sought to  
escape from the constraints of a  
family to which he was intensely  
loyal and from the bizarre narrow-  
ness of the Irvingite sect of which  
his father was a minister. Although  
adopting as a life-long maxim the  
text from St. Matthew, 'What do  
ye wish to be?' he at first directed  
his enormous head of energy into  
the channels of orthodoxy. Gaining  
Firsts in Classics and Theology he  
went on to take Anglican orders.  
After three years at the College mis-  
sion in Waltham he suffered the  
first of the nervous illnesses which  
were to recur throughout his life  
and which supplied a psychological  
escape-valve when his energies had  
momentarily burnt themselves out  
or run into failure. He returned to  
Pembroke College as a Fellow still  
in every way conventional in out-  
look—a High Anglican, a liberal im-  
perialist, a devotee of cricket and  
rowing. As an undergraduate he  
had been befriended by the family  
of Bishop Westcott, but for years  
his bond with his mother led him  
to resist the corollary of following  
the four Westcott sons into the Cam-  
bridge Mission to Delhi and its edu-  
cational arm, St. Stephen's College.  
Hence it was not until he was thirty-  
three—at the age when he was  
pointed out to him, Christ had  
already completed his earthly mis-  
sion—that Andrews set foot on  
Indian soil. At once, as he wrote  
later, he became *dhurva* or twice-  
born.

The wonder and shock of India  
quickly loosed him from his insecu-  
rity in religion and politics. His  
arrival in 1904 coincided with  
the immense stir caused by the  
Japanese victory over Russia and  
a decisive acceleration in the  
growth of Indian nationalist feel-  
ing. Andrews was led rapidly to pro-  
test against European racial arro-  
gance and the tone fostered in

official circles by the military  
clique around Kitchener. His  
passionate denunciations caught the  
eye of Randall Davidson, the Arch-  
bishop of Canterbury, of Minto, the  
Viceroy, and of Morley, the new  
Secretary of State, who owed office  
to the great Liberal landslide. He  
was a prolific publicist and despite  
the impressive flamboyance of his  
personality it was the pen which  
won him early recognition and  
influence.

Andrews's message at first dif-  
fered little from that of Lord  
Hardinge, who had helped found the Congress

personal friendship with the new  
Viceroy and Vicereine, the Har-  
dinges. After Hardinge had been  
seriously wounded by a terrorist  
bomb in Delhi in December 1912  
Andrews urged him to exploit the  
wave of public sympathy by turn-  
ing attention away from internal  
domestic politics and placing him-  
self at the head of the movement  
of protest against the wrongs done  
to Indians overseas, especially in  
South Africa and Fiji. It was  
shrewd machievellian advice, which  
Hardinge followed. Andrews told  
him to act the paternalist boldly:  
"I am your father and you are my  
children—that every Indian could  
understand; it went home all over  
India".

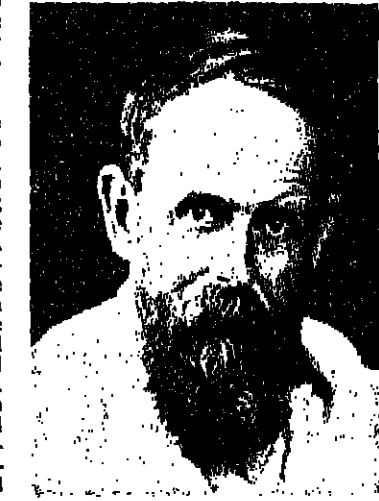
Radicalism came late to Andrews  
and as with Newman the decisive  
break with his past was delayed  
until he was already forty-three.  
In 1912, two years before he re-  
nounced his Anglican orders and  
priesthood, he brought out *The  
Renaissance in India: Its Mission-  
ary Aspect*, written as a textbook  
for mission colleges. Professor  
Tinker says little about the content  
of Andrews's books, probably be-  
cause many of them, like *What I  
Owe to Christ* (1932), *Christ and  
the Silence* (1933) and *Christ and  
Prayer* (1937) were written when  
Andrews was in his sixties and his  
mind was losing its power.

Tinker believes that Andrews was  
at his height in the 'great decade'  
between 1912 and 1922, and to it  
he gives the lion's share of the bio-  
graphy. *The Renaissance in India*  
came out at the beginning of this  
period and is notable for its clear,  
trenchant, and finely cadenced  
prose. Andrews's description of the  
condition of India was redolent of  
his own: "There is an unresist-  
ing conviction, a medley of  
conflicting opinions, a chaos of con-  
fused emotions". Even though he  
achieved some successes as a  
practical reformer, his true  
genius was that of a seer sensitive  
to the shifts in the current of  
larger historical forces. Occa-  
sionally, as with his urging Hardinge  
to end the system of indentured  
labour, or with his recommendation  
during the First World War that  
Britain make a declaration of her  
ultimate political intentions to-  
wards India, his insight into a prob-  
lem coincided with the hour in  
which it was growing ripe for solu-  
tion. Yet for the most part his mind  
ran far ahead of his time, so that

for much of his life he vainly beat  
the air.

In 1912 Andrews was quick to  
sense that despite its continued use-  
ward security white rule in Asia  
was under sentence. If the Christian  
message and all that it stood for  
were to outlive the impermanence  
of empire, its evangelists must  
undergo a fundamental change in  
outlook. This was not merely a  
question of abandoning the facile  
internal divisions of Western  
Christianity, or of transferring con-  
trol into Indian hands, or of  
associating a truly indigenous  
Church with the broad cultural and  
political currents of the burgeoning  
Asian life. It meant rethinking  
the content of Christianity itself.  
Christianity had come not to  
destroy Hinduism and Islam, and  
the type of spirituality these em-  
bodied, but to fulfill them. Andrews  
was seized with the conviction that  
Christianity had been cramped and  
distorted by its Western inequity.  
Indian life, even in its everyday  
aspect, was nearer to the biblical  
world and the spiritual conditions  
in which Christ's message had been  
preached. Indeed that message had  
stood nearer to the Indian Buddhist  
tradition and clashed with the  
Semitic spirituality of Palestine.  
"All the distinctiveness of Christ,  
separating him utterly from the Old  
Testament and St. Paul, comes from  
this Indian Mother source", he told  
Gandhi in 1914. In contrast with  
the West, which "generally believed  
in a transcendent rather than an  
immanent God", he found in India  
(as he was later to write in his  
autobiography) "the whole emphasis  
to be laid on the realization of  
God inwardly and spiritually within  
the soul". By 1915 he could tell  
Tagore, that he had renounced a  
trinitarian for a form of unitarian  
belief.

Differences with ecclesiastical  
authority over relations with Chris-  
tians non-conformists and Hindu  
reformist sects, even the shock of  
seeing the colour bar in operation  
in the churches of South Africa,  
were the occasion rather than the  
cause of Andrews renouncing his  
orders in 1914. As with Newman  
it was the thrill of the unknown  
and the desire for total surrender  
to a vision that drew him on. He  
said that he "had the call to be a  
seamstress, to cut myself free from  
these worldly ties of an assured in-  
come and a place in a fixed society  
and a work which is in a great mea-  
sure prescribed, and give myself



C. F. Andrews

Fifty twenty years before. The  
growing political alienation of  
Indian educated opinion sprang  
from a failure in human relations.  
What was needed was a gesture  
of sympathy and trust. If Indians  
were treated as equals equals and  
friends they would readily acquiesce  
in continued British rule and  
protection, for no practical Indian  
politician had as yet seen a way to  
disengage such a gesture Indian  
youth might be impelled into  
violent courses.

In 1911 he was still sanguine  
enough to believe that the Durbar  
of King George V and Queen Mary,  
with the conciliatory gesture of  
ending the partition of Bengal while  
moving the capital to the Muslim  
city of Delhi, represented "the  
triumph of goodness and simplicity  
and love". Andrews struck up a

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captivity. Their drift, however, is just as absorbing as, from this pen, we have a right to expect.

Athena. After is a paperback printed in the city, the contents are of much more than passing interest; it will be reprinted: and I foresee hardback editions in England and America with the editorial apparatus unimpaired and updated—no green about it. It is less than a tenth of the whole—and adorned with illustrations. Could its scope not be widened? Yes, but what about the book's message, the author might ask: the full desert-spoken every half-hour? Well, I think the book should be given a good shake and the dose drastically reduced. Or perhaps he might simply let it stand in the cupboard. After all, he's the patient.

The author definitely starts his sequence with the Roman conquest rather than the battle of Chaeroneia, and his first entry is a passage from Ovid about the city's desolation, followed after a three centuries leap to early Byzantine times, by a Syrian Greek's evocative account of the near-kidnaping of university students by rival teachers of rhetoric. (Between these two might be slipped the lines of Juvenal describing the needy little Athenian émigré, by turns grammarian, orator, painter, tight-rope walker, etc., "ready to fly to heaven if you tell him"; all the more aptly as he is identified with Duedalis: the author's parent, mythologically speaking. By now the city is sinking to a little provincial town of the Eastern Empire, vainly clinging to its faded shreds of greatness. But its tedious shrewd bickering still among the sophists, students' high spirits and riots now and then; in spite of the official change of religion, the mysteries in Eleusis are watched at and the Neoplatonic threat to orthodoxy rattles the shrunken population with exciting discord. Sneered at by the saintly, Julian the Apostate invokes the briefly reinstated Athens; and, a few decades later, appearing all-armed on the walls, she saves her city from the Goths.

For the first time (in my case) we read the Theodosian edicts against sacrificing; then Justinian mulls out the philosophy schools, breaking the city's last links with Plato and Aristotle. (This had an unexpected result: the philosophers fled to Persia where they were welcomed by Chosroes and showered with honours; but they sickened for home just like Themistocles among the sarapa at Susa a thousand years earlier. The great King relished them with sorrow and he even managed to extort toleration for their heterodoxy when they got back. These recollections and enthralling details come as much from the main print of the author's notes as from the texts themselves. They are full of interesting illuminations like this, also of poignant and original thoughts. One, which would have pleased Dodds, is that a strange kind of manic madness rushes to the help of the Greeks when their world is in their worst. Alaric's vision of Athens Promachus had been positively her lost appearance. When, half a millennium later, Basil the Bulgar-Slayer flung himself down in the streets before the Turkish trenches, he was replaced by the shining helmet and the great scimitar of the horsehair. How sacred are the annals now!—and how apt it is, in 1182, when Konstantinos Komnenos, a Greek from Constantinople, reads that the speech of his brother-in-law had almost beyond understanding.

All at once, the Middle Ages Fourth Crusade fills the landscape with marauding knights and long phlegms of medieval Burgundian poetry. Everything into entangled confusion: En celle bataille, comme vous avez de si fu li loier et le pays du seigneur de la Roche au Prince Guillaume. Et puis que le pais fut faict et complet, li loier bachelier menestrent grant feste de joutes, de romme, leus et li, quinquaine, et de caroles. The Low Latin pages of Maron's 1395 chronicle may not be heard. Civitas theocratica, the hostropolis, per apud hedoniam, alia fuit magna civitas in insula, prope vicinis munita columpnae etc.—but it might make the hypothetical CIA reader scratch his head a bit. And there he would not get much help from the footnotes, for it is medicine time: the author is looking at the city in 1456, about General

Metaxas, the Truman doctrine and Nato; so to hasten on to the 1436 narrative of Cyprus of Ancon. Speaking of the plight of Athens in the Dark Ages, the author thinks that the latter-day Greeks may have been unjust in blaming all the desolation on the Turks, though they certainly helped. Rather unexpectedly the first account of the city, two centuries after its capture in 1456, is by a Muslim, and the style of Evliya Çelebi has a strong touch of the Arabian Nights about it. The picture that he and his Ginour successors conjure up—pillars, cupolas, cypress-trees, ruins full of owls, stork-haunting minarets, janissaries with pipes as long as their muskets yawning among the tumbled capitals, idle or oppressive disports, the downy and clever Greeks, pliant nobles, cynical, derisive priests, turbaned slaves, and the veridical proverbial of the Tower of the Winds gyrating and ululating in their dark nycrion—these things set the pattern until the end of the Turkish incumbency.

Here is an unforgettable glimpse, out of Dodwell, of the Greek secretary of an oppressive univade: Galloping through the narrow streets of Athens and endangering the lives and limbs of the passengers, he was easily distinguished at a distance, mounted on a white horse with its tail and mane dyed of an orange colour and he was attended by other horsemen who played on the violin as he rode.

Lifting all the storks from their nests, a Venetian bomb wrecks the Parthenon in the middle of this lapse of time; towards the end, Lord Elgin makes off with everything but the columns. The shovelling of Jesuits and Capuchins, the wideawake of architectural draughtsmen and the tricorn of dilliant join the queer and varied headgear of the village; and soon, far away in the libraries of the West, handsomely got-up volumes begin to appear. (Nine pages of lively reminiscence about the visit, but nervously implausible that version are quoted from Guillole de la Guillaudière, who never set foot in Greece; a reference to "his supposed visit" is not quite enough fraud.)

Lord Byron, quite rightly, well in the lead; just as Makrynnis, when the country finally bursts into flames, is unchallenged among the West, handsomely got-up volumes begin to appear. (Nine pages of lively reminiscence about the visit, but nervously implausible that version are quoted from Guillole de la Guillaudière, who never set foot in Greece; a reference to "his supposed visit" is not quite enough fraud.)

"Brother Makrynnis," Gouras said, "May this song bode well for us." "I was in the mood," I said, "for we had not sung for so long." For formerly, in our camps, we were always singing and making merry. "But towards morning, the Turks began to fly." "Gouras fired at the Turks, they shot back at the flash and hit him in the temple and he never spoke a word." "The survivor led the break-through through the Turkish trenches. He was dashed by yataghans and hit by bullets again and again. With his head laid open and several bones smashed by tramping, he was flung senseless across a saddle, who would have thought that Greece would have been free only three years later? Or that the old Klepht would learn to read and write just to set it all down for us?"

This great landmark is only belatedly through the book. The task of selection must have been enormously complicated by the nine

teenth-century rush of material and the classic sequel to the War of Independence: the tension between the old and the new forces—Mali towers, mountain caves, the Phanari, the guaranteeing powers, the despotic Bavarian triumvirate that governed Greece under a Wittelsbach King, the struggle for a constitution, brigandage in league with authority, coups, changes of dynasty, spongebag trousers ousting the kill—all this is minutely documented. There are famous names—Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Flaubert, Aubrey, Gobineau and—once again anathema in Athens except to a few perceptive eyes—Edmond About.

But these are outnumbered by names less known, or the texts have been unearthed and published here for the first time. The extraordinary rustic narrative (1965) of Eya Palmer is one of these. This eccentric New York millionaire's friend of Isadora Duncan became the foundress of the revived Delphic Festivals and the wife of the flamboyant Laurence Stelmans. (In a revised version, there would be a swarm of eunuchs suggesting, in plea, even, for the Flippant and the transitory, as well as the learned: E. F. Benson, perhaps, for smart life in Edwardian times, Compton Mackenzie for the Venetianist, Robert Byron for the late 1920s, Cyril Connolly for the dandy, the businessman at the Grande Bretagne Hotel during the 1935 revolt. At the other end of the scale, I would sign for an excerpt or two from Renan's *Prière sur l'Acropole* here brings together revolutions of taste and together such a bane to Kevin Andrews as Fulmerayer was to the Athenians of a few generations ago.) He is right to stretch his terms of reference to include Hemingway's young war correspondent in Smyrna and, forgetfully, the Asia Minor campaign and the catastrophe that followed, and no part of Greek history more damagingly bears out the author's theme or has had a stronger influence on Athens today.

No review can adequately explore this Aladdin's cave. One can only give some idea of its richness and variety. A dark, brooding, rather perplexing mood weighs on the book as it nears its end, just as the author wishes; pens may be decked with myrtle as well as the blades of Greek swords, but I can't help longing for this particular quill to be laid out with scores of others of the great symmetrical plumes to be stuck together again, feather to feather; and at last, for the author to take wing, high above the snow-covered mountain chains and the archipelagoes, as of old.

I wonder whether he was assaulted on finishing by the same exclamation as that of his hold of the reader? The dash for the cause, the wish to be lifted by music of an earlier city, before the fumes of today had driven the Caryatids from their plinth, after twenty-three hundred years? Before the book has started, even; before all the trouble began?

From of old the children of Splendid, the sons of blessed gods. In Athens' holy and unconquered land, Where famous wisdom feeds them, and they pass gaily across a saddle, who would have thought that Greece would have been free only three years later? Or that the old Klepht would learn to read and write just to set it all down for us?

This great landmark is only belatedly through the book. The task of selection must have been enormously complicated by the nine



Between the belly and the breast, the self-enacting surreal and the litograph of Paul Eluard by René Magritte. The picture is from a recent (April-June, 1980) issue of *Belgique* magazine. "From Ensor to Paul Delvaux," and devoted to contemporary Belgian painters.

## Doing people with words

By Jonathan Culler

SHOSHUNA FELMAN:

Le Scandale du corps purtant  
Don Juan avec Austin ou la séduction en deux langues.  
219pp, Paris: Seuil.

Shoshuna Felman, who has combined literature and psychoanalysis in her two previous books, *La Folie dans l'écriture romanesque* and *La Folie et la chose littéraire*, here brings together Molière's *Don Juan*, J. L. Austin's writings on speech acts, and Jacques Lacan, in what is, as her signed jacket copy repeatedly tells us, an "étrange rencontre", a "contexte inédit", an "approche autre".

The combination of Austin and Don Juan is in fact powerful and revealing. Don Juan is a device of speech acts, and especially of promising. He knows better than anyone how to do things with words, and Molière's play can be read as a study of performative language. Austin, on the other hand, is an elegant seducer whose writings, as he says, "play Old Time" with the "true/false faith". His work is not an elaborate or complete system designed as a representation of the truth but rather a series of approaches or performances that intrigue and persuade by their sly, playful insight.

The main project of Felman's book is thus an interesting reversal: a demonstration of how literature instructs and philosophy seduces.

However, there is a third presence here that somewhat spoils the effect. Felman performs on the assumption that Lacan's every word, when properly interpreted, is Gospel, and a good third of her book is devoted to the liturgical task of proving that. Austin and Lacan say the same thing. She is elsewhere using Lacan to better purpose, in an exciting essay on "The Turn of the Screw". But here there is a kind of mad ambivalence at work, which impresses mainly as a symptom of Lacan's own mysterious seductive

## The viewpoint of the victor

By Michael Carver

JULIUS CAESAR:

The Battle for Gaul  
Translated by Anne and Peter Wiseman  
208pp, Chatto and Windus, £7.95,  
0 7011 2504 7

Accounts of military campaigns by the commanders who directed them, whether they are official despatches or published books, are suspect to the historian. This is not only because they are inevitably tinged with a high degree of self-justification, but also because they tell the story from the exclusive point of view of the commander of one side. I myself was threatened by Field-Marshal Montgomery with court-martial in 1948 for making that criticism in a review of his book, *Homecoming to the Baltic*.

Julius Caesar's account of his campaigns in Gaul, including two brief forays into Britain, between 58 and 50 BC, must be approached with that reservation in mind. However, in spite of the time that has elapsed since then, there is no hope that the Roman equivalent of the Public Record Office will now reveal accounts, written either by the Gauls or by Caesar's subordinates, which would throw new light on his exploits. *De Bello Gallico* is the best account we have, and very good it is too.

When, as a schoolboy, I struggled to construe it, as many years ago as the events it describes were from the official Birth of Christ, I was never able to see the wood for the trees. Reading it in English, especially in a translation as felicitous as this choice of Lacan as that of Anne and Peter Wiseman, and helped by the excellent maps, produced by Tom Stalker-Miller, and illustrations chosen by Barry Culliffe, one cannot fail to appreciate Caesar's achievement as a soldier, an empire-builder and an author.

The simplicity, economy and directness of his style, the balance he achieves between a factual record of the military operations and comment on the background against which they took place, ensure him a high place in the pantheon of military historians. His achievement, and that of his subordinates and legions, in subduing greatly superior numbers of fierce fighting men from his base in Italy, when he enjoyed no superiority in arms or mobility, was remarkable. His own military and diplomatic judgment counted for much; but they could have achieved little without the discipline, high stan-

dard of training and morale, and military skill of his legions.

One is particularly struck by the influence in periods of crisis of the junior commanders, the centurions. In tight corners their long military experience and ingrained discipline enabled them instinctively to rally their men, confident that their decisions were correct. Caesar knew how to reward them by public recognition of their courage, and to encourage them by his presence in battle. There is a good description of this in his account of the battle against the Nervii in 57 BC.

I recognized that this was a crisis: there were no reserves available. I had no shield with me, but I snatched one from a soldier in the rear ranks and went forward to the front line. Once there, I called out to all the centurions by name and shouted encouragement to the rest of the men. I ordered them to advance and to open up their ranks so that they could use their swords the more effectively. My arrival gave the troops fresh hope: their determination was restored because, with the commander-in-chief looking on, each man was eager to do his best whatever the risk to himself. As a result the enemy's attack was slowed down a little.

As with British soldiers in similar situations in imperial campaigns overseas, the fact that they were far from home and that their security lay in sticking together, was a strong incentive to solidarity and fighting to the last. Falling into the hands of the Gauls or the Germans meant certain death.

One of the grim facts which emerges from Caesar's account is the scale of the slaughter. When he defeated the Nervii, in what is now Belgium, in 58 BC, the tribe was almost completely wiped out. Caesar reports that the envoys sent to treat with him afterwards said that, from their tribal council of 600, only one remained, and that he had been from their fighting force 50,000. In Crassus's campaign in Aquitania in the following year, hardly a quarter of the 50,000 men of the Aquitani and Cantabri survived the final battle. When the Roman force of 7,000 under Sabinus and Cottus was ambushed by Ambiorix of the Eburones on the lower Rhine in 54 BC, hardly a man survived. When one compares these figures with the Battle of El Alamein in 1942, in which the total casualties of the British and Commonwealth forces over two weeks of fighting were 13,500, and of the German and Italian, killed and

wounded, about 20,000, one realizes how severe was the penalty for losing a battle. No Geneva Convention covered the treatment of prisoners-of-war in those days, although there were well-established conventions covering the treatment of hostages and the security of envoys, which are not being observed by some today.

The numbers involved in these campaigns were large in proportion to the probable size of the population. Caesar estimated the total strength of the enemy in his German campaign of 55 BC at 430,000; that is 110,000 more than the combined strength of Britain's armed forces today, and two and a half times the size of her army alone. The force the Gauls assembled to attempt to raise the siege of Alesia, and the enemy whom the Romans had surrounded Vercingetorix and 80,000 of his men, numbered, according to Caesar, 8,000 cavalry and 240,000 infantry. It is not easy to work out the strength of the Romans and their allies, who were opposing this force, except that the actual besieging force appears to have been about 10,000, and the force led by Caesar to reinforce it was probably slightly larger.

In addition to their superior discipline and training, one factor which made it possible for the Romans to compete with such greatly superior numbers was their remarkable skill at rapidly constructing elaborate fortifications, either for their own defence or as siege works. Their bridges were also remarkable achievements. Professor Cunliffe's illustrations reveal the scale and intricacy of these works, which appear to have been executed by the normal legionary as a sideline to his infantry fighting.

The size of such armies must have posed extraordinary problems of logistics. It is clear from Caesar's account that his operations were consistently affected by the need for his legions to collect grain, not only to provide for their future needs in winter quarters, but to meet their daily requirements. There are frequent references to the balance that had to be struck between the security of the winter quarters and the need to send out foraging parties. Tantalizingly, there is no mention of how they converted the grain into bread, nor of any other form of food. The distances that they covered on foot and the speed at which they moved are also noteworthy. Their baggage, as with all foot-slogging armies, was a constant problem: both its carriage on the march and its security in battle.

Caesar could never have succeeded if, for any length of time, he had been faced by a united Gaul, as he almost was before the

Battle of Alesia. In spite of the slaughter, he makes much of his reputation for dealing mercifully with defeated tribes, and he harps constantly on his diplomatic skill in retaining influential ones, like the Aedui, in the Massif Central, and the Remi, in champagne country, on his side.

His series of campaigns is reminiscent of that of the Wellesley brothers in India between 1798 and 1805. The motive was fundamentally the same: a desire to ensure the security of a part of the empire important to trade (in Caesar's case, Provence or the Province) from its neighbours. Treaties of friendship proved unreliable, resulting in military campaigns designed either to support allies or to punish the enemy. If the situation was not to revert to its original state, and all the effort of the campaign had to be retained in the area, annexation following almost as a matter of course. The legions' winter quarters were chosen with this aim in view.

For Caesar there was another motive, both in his campaigns and in the publication of his annual commentaries on them. They were intended to form both the power base and the election campaign in the political house on his return; but he could not return annually, as Caesar did to Northern Italy, to rouse his fellow countrymen of his power and presence; nor did Wellesley, in spite of his talents, write brilliant short annual accounts of his stewardship.

One is finally led to reflect, as one is about Wellesley in India, on whether or not Rome gained much for all the effort she exerted in thus expanding her imperial rule. In the tribes she subdued in Gaul and Britain, it brought, in later years, the influence of Greco-Roman civilization which has been decisive in their cultural and political development, just as British imperialism extended it to India; but at a price. That price was a twofold one: the weakening, in the long run, of the basic strength of the home country; and the suppression of the potential development of a civilization based on the indigenous culture. Perhaps neither the Celtic nor the Hindu culture was inherently capable of such development; but they may have been, and the world may be poorer today for their suppression by the heritage of Greece and Rome.

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## Empathy with the enemy

By Michael Howard

XEN BOOTH:

Strategy and Ethnocentrism  
192pp, Croom Helm, £10.50,  
0 85664 528 1

Bernard Brodie, quite the wisest strategic thinker of our generation, insisted that "bad anthropology made for bad strategy". Xen Booth expresses it no less plainly: "War is an extension of culture as well as of politics." This is the essence of his book, whose brevity and concise title mark one of the best and most constructive critiques of strategy thinking to have appeared since the war.

Mr Booth's point is very simple. The prime task of the strategist is to understand his adversary; to know not only what forces he has available but why he has them, and why he is likely to do with them. The strategist must be able to answer questions which he himself would not ask. He must be able to transcend his own cultural limitations and to enter into the minds of their opponents; and this, according to Mr Booth, is what strategic thinkers do. The strategist must be able to see the world as the enemy sees it, and to think in terms of the enemy's world as we see ourselves.

forces if they did not intend to conquer the world? The result all too often is a strategy not only quite inappropriate to the case, but likely to achieve precisely the opposite effect to that intended. (Why are the imperialist powers building up those huge nuclear forces if not to destroy the Soviet Union?)

It is not, Mr Booth allows, only professional strategists who do this. It is a common failing among people and their political leaders in general. Professional lovers of peace are particularly and dangerously prone to it, believing that all peoples everywhere share their own brand of rationality and detestation of war and seeing doves where there are no doves to be found. "Bad anthropology can also make bad strategy," comments Mr Booth drily. This ethnocentrism, this assumption of the universality of one's values, the failure to accept them, this condemnation of all who reject them, can at times be an advantage. It enhances the morale and motivation of fighting forces. Sympathy with the enemy seldom makes people fight better. But for the strategist, it can only lead to disaster. "Trying to see the world as others see it is the central creative act in the business of strategy," writes Mr Booth. "This may be seriously distorted by ethnocentrism, which involves seeing the other's world as we see ourselves."

As to who these "strategists" are, Mr Booth is a little vague. His text is short on direct observations and astray on his own. His notes reveal how he built up all these strategies.

thinkers he attacks. If he means, for example, Albert Wohlstetter, or Thomas Schelling, or Paul Nitze, or Pierre Galleo, or André Beaufre, or Alastair Buchan, or Kenneth Hunt, or Jon Satter, he does not say so. The names of these leading strategic thinkers of our time even appear in his index. Mr Booth, in fact, creates an abstract and composite "strategist" with all the vices some of them undoubtedly possess, and presents it to the world as a reality. He lumps them, or rather us, all together in a single "strategic community", which he describes as conformist and conservative. "As security-conscious in their private lives as they are in their professional thinking, and this may well reflect the lower-middle-class social group into which they were born or in which they work."

But strategic thinkers are too various a group, socially and intellectually, to be quite so neatly categorized. Alastair Buchan and Basil Liddell Hart certainly did not belong to the lower-middle-class. Nor would one think, reading Mr Booth, that there were deep divisions within "the strategic community" over virtually every one of the issues with which he deals. To take one example, the judicious view that a civil defence policy only provides additional evidence of its aggressive intentions has been quite as hotly contested by strategic analysts as it has been argued, by the same analysts, that one must judge an adversary by his capabilities and not by his intentions—a topic, incidentally, that Mr Booth handles brilliantly. It is not true, he points out, that capabilities

remain constant while intentions can "overhaul". Long-term patterns of behaviour in fact seldom change. It is "capabilities", or, analysed, assessments of them, that can be transformed "overnight" by a stroke of the assessor's pen.

Still, strategists will recognize the failings Mr Booth describes in one another, even if they do not admit them in themselves. And if these shortcomings are less common among strategic analysts than he suggests, they are certainly deeply rooted among policy-makers. Yet in the Soviet Union, where empathy with the adversary is discouraged even more strongly than it is in the West, the situation is significantly worse. Mr Booth concludes that the liberal values which make such empathy possible are what the western strategist has to defend, and that when well-meaning liberal societies have valued peace at almost any price and have abused the use of the military instrument, international politics have fallen under the sway of those countries willing to manipulate and use force. Mr Booth thus concludes paradoxically that some measure of ethnocentrism is indispensable, and that the strategist is a necessary evil. But if he is to do his job properly he must learn some history; learn some languages; understand the complex nature of regional conflicts; and see how things really look from "the other side of the hill".

Mr Booth ends his book with a plea for "strategy with a human face". We can endorse it, with the proviso that more strategists have human faces than he is prepared to allow.

## The Old Conditions

The veil is withdrawn about you, a salt figure, looking back on past happiness, and I remember your telling me how after that wedding picture,

and another loved only The People, he'd bawl the interminable but later came, mildless to pour his pendant with his Childdeath

and the Germanis left, from of seven he fathered and you fought to keep them from the home. Now victorious they come to take you, assisted as a bride, on outings in their company cars while he rocks in place, obedient as the lever in a watch, overlooked by all but time.

David Sweetman







took him into a different region. Gurdjieff was briefly in London in 1922. Orage became fascinated, resigned his editorship of *The New Age*, and followed Gurdjieff to Fontainebleau. In the next year, undoubtedly on the instructions of his master, he went to New York, where he spent the next seven years preaching the Gurdjieff doctrine, organizing groups, and loyally supporting the Institute with money and propaganda.

But what actually went on? What was the message, and why did anybody want to hear it? Here the cloud of unknowing descends again, because as Gurdjieff always insisted, the essence of the work was a method, not a doctrine; it could be learnt only in practice. But something can be rescued from the ineffable. Gurdjieff came as a healer, and then as now there were plenty of people who felt themselves to be sick. What Gurdjieff said, that the world is asleep, that their lives were lived mechanically, that they were automata. They could wake into a new world if they would become conscious of their every thought and action. The first duty therefore was to combat mechanism. This was to be done by a technique of self-observation and "self-remembering". Motives and actions must all be brought to awareness. Few people are strong enough to achieve this on their own; they must therefore work in groups, and give absolute obedience to a master. Habits must be broken, established ways violently disrupted. At the Institute delicately nurtured ladies and fragile intellectuals were put to hard dirty physical work. Devoted disciples were abused and insulted, moved from luxurious rooms to barracks. The Master's conduct was totally unpredictable and the pupils were kept in a perpetual state of bemused insecurity. But all this was calculated; it was part of a system; and other parts were more involving. Dances and what were called "movements" formed a large part of the training scheme—allegedly sacred dances learnt by Gurdjieff in the more mysterious parts of Asia. They were performed to settings composed by Gurdjieff himself and his musical director, Harmanov. No real record of dances or music survives, but the effects are described as powerful.

In addition there were allocutions by Gurdjieff, and regular instruction from him by a method of question and answer that he preferred. It was not the Socratic method, for the questions were asked by the pupils, who were supposed in this way to place out the essence of the doctrine. But Gurdjieff cared little for systematic exposition, and the answers, like those of a Zen master, were often riddling or insulting. Psychologically the teaching was not unorthodox; the practices of self-examination and the very genuine habit could be paralleled in more conventional regimes. There is a further doctrine that men's psychic life has three centres—the thinking centre, the emotional centre, and

the instinctive-moving centre. Truly conscious perception and expression must be the result of simultaneous and coordinated working of all three centres; but in the unawakened man the coordination is lacking. This or something like it goes back to Plato (Gurdjieff actually uses the image of the chameleon and the two horses), and it reappears, with a quantitative instead of a qualitative, in Jung's four functions. Release from automatism can be found in several ways. There is the way of the fakir—physical austerity; the way of the monk, which is devotion; the way of the yogi, through knowledge; but all these demand renunciation of the normal life in the West. There is also a fourth way—the way taught by Gurdjieff; and this can be practised while remaining in the ordinary conditions of life, without renouncing anything. It is also called the way of the *slip man*, for it is more cunning and more profitable than all other ways.

There is a kind of religio-psychological discipline that promises the believer, after an initial act of surrender or flash of enlightenment, a freedom to live as he likes, to turn over to an automatic pilot. Gurdjieff's doctrine is not of this kind; it demands eternal vigilance and self-observation, and if it has any charm it is the charm of self-suppression and discipline. As usual, the psychological injunctions are supported by a sort of costume, and as often at this period, it has the trappings of a bogus science. But here exposition fails, or at any rate mine does. When the uncommitted observer of one of these esoteric cults finds himself confronted by rays, planes, dimensions and vibrations, he is well advised to switch off. It is not the metaphors and symbols that are intolerable, devoid though they are of explanatory or imaginative power. It is the claim to an authority of another kind that in the end reduces the whole enterprise to pretentious force. But the appeal of pseudo-scientific twaddle is evidently powerful; and the appeal of Gurdjieff's personal magnetism, combined with a closely woven prose, the subtlest of all, is more powerful still. On one level, as Mr Webb says frankly at the beginning, Gurdjieff was a fraud, a liar and a scoundrel; but he used "the friction engendered by his negative qualities to strike fire from the minds of his disciples". Some of them were ruined by him, some driven to suicide; many of them remained grateful to him for the rest of their lives. There is no external evidence that he ever did anyone any good, or that the teaching added to the sum of wisdom or knowledge. In itself the whole affair is an extraordinary phenomenon, a true tall story. But looked at in the right context Gurdjieff appears as merely one in the long line of mystagogues, magicians, gurus and shamans whose operations have been a constant recurrent feature of our world, and remain an eternal puzzle to those who are constitutionally immune to their influence.



*Studies of children in an academy—an unattributed eighteenth-century sketch in red and black chalk, of the French School. The drawing is one of those included in the sale by auction of 'The Hatway Collection, Highly Important Old Master Drawings', to be held at Christie's Great Rooms on Tuesday, June 24, along with other works represented are Mantegna, Fra Bartolommeo, Tintoretto, Guercino, and Veronese; Boucher, and Fragonard; Greuze and Ingres; Bruegel the elder; Rubens, Rembrandt, and Cope.*

## Into the constitutional vacuum

By H. W. R. Wade

JOSEPH JACONELLI:

Enacting a Bill of Rights  
The Legal Problems  
328pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford  
University Press, Ltd.  
0 19 825551 6

We have come a long way from the world in which a wit complained that the British public was not interested in the equality of man, only in the inequality of horses. The reigning passion for equality is one of the motivating forces behind the proposals, now so frequently aired, for a British bill of rights. What can be done with it? It is shown dramatically by the way in which the "equal protection of the laws" clause has been exploited by the Supreme Court of the United States: school desegregation is only the most spectacular of a series of achievements. Should the British have some code of fundamental constitutional rights of a kind relevant to the present day, since the antiquated Bill of Rights of 1689 has not much relevance to anything more topical than the abuses of the Stuart kings?

Another motivating force, coming from the opposite point of the political compass, is the feeling that the British decline is due to misgovernment, and that one cause of misgovernment is a primitive and unreformed constitution which has got badly out of balance. The lack of fundamental rights is all the more dangerous now that Parliament has capitulated to the executive and we live under what Lord Hailsham justly calls an elective dictatorship. A British government is, legally speaking, under no constitutional restraint whatever. It can expropriate without compensation (as was done in the Leasehold Reform Act 1967, making a gift of landlords' property to tenants) in a manner forbidden not only by the eighteenth-century constitution of the United States but by the twentieth-century constitution of West Germany.

So it is not surprising that enthusiastic voices call for the filling of this constitutional vacuum. But that is easier said than done—or so it is supposed. Classical constitutional doctrine ordains that any Act of Parliament can be repealed by any later Act, and that no device for fettering this absolute power (such as a referendum) will be effective. If a later Parliament chooses to disregard it, so the crude principle of Parliamentary sovereignty means that we have no fundamental rights but also that we cannot obtain them. Twenty years ago a committee of the House of Lords was solemnly advised in

an impeccable paper, that there was no solution to this "question of entrenchment". That central legal problem, and a variety of peripheral problems, are the stuff of Joseph Jaconelli's book.

The public debate has gained impetus from the European human rights movement as embodied in the Convention of 1950. Britain then accepted obligations not only to recognize some very widely phrased fundamental rights but also to provide "an effective remedy before a national authority" for their violation. Nothing has been done to implement this provision, although the decisions of the European Court of Human Rights have shown that English law is not always coextensive with the Convention.

Yet most of the other member states of the Convention have incorporated the Convention into their domestic law. Here, therefore, is a ready-made Bill of Rights which has the immense advantage, as against all other such proposals, that its content is politically uncontroversial, since we are committed to it by treaty anyway. We might as well enact it. Another advantage would be that this country would appear less frequently in the dock in Strasbourg for human rights violations; the cases would first have to be brought before the European Commission and its decisions in most cases would be likely to give satisfaction. The Convention, consequently, has been made the spearhead of the drive for a British bill of rights. The epicentre of activity has been the House of Lords, and it has now passed a short Bill for incorporating it into our law. If the House of Commons were willing to show similar interest, things would really be happening.

Dr Jaconelli has undertaken the useful job of filling in the background to many of the technical problems that surround this subject. He has taken a broad view and has explored many more legal byways (including some blind alleys) than are normally visited by those who have discussed the pros and cons of bills of rights in Parliament or in the academic wilderness. The wide range of his investigation is the virtue of his book. Its weakness is that it skims lightly over deep constitutional waters without much attempt to plumb their depths. It is more likely to be used as a source of references than as a source of ideas. The discussion is balanced and dispassionate to the point of detachment.

The author takes a clear stand on one basic question. He is opposed to enacting the European Convention, which he does not consider to be a satisfactory model. But he is in favour of enacting a written constitution which is not so simple and which is not so easily amended. He would like to see the British people sworn to give the rights priority over later conflicting legislation.

This is a wide-ranging and scholarly book. Though much more of the law library than of the outside world, it is at least a subject in making. It is a book that would be of interest to all who are interested in the future of the British constitution.

Although the preface to the book is dated September 1979, it is a conspicuous absence of comment on the government's "discussion document" of 1979, or the bill of rights introduced in 1977 and 1978, or on the combination of Lords Hailsham, Simon, Sulmon, Wade and others which have now made legislation a real possibility. This debate has crossed party lines. In principle, conservatives are to be expected in favour of fundamental rights as favouring the establishment, while left wing prefers to preserve *la carte blanche* of "unchecked" sovereignty in order to be able to remodel society, expropriate as it may. But the left has been out in favour of incorporating the Convention and so did a Labour Party discussion document reported by Mr Sam Silkin, the Attorney-General. Some judges, Lord Denning among them, are in favour of fundamental rights as a means of controlling government, and in favour of incorporating the Convention and so did a Labour Party discussion document reported by Mr Sam Silkin, the Attorney-General. Some judges, Lord Denning among them, are in favour of fundamental rights as a means of controlling government, and in favour of incorporating the Convention and so did a Labour Party discussion document reported by Mr Sam Silkin, the Attorney-General.

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EDMUND HEWARD:  
Lord Mansfield  
328pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford  
University Press, Ltd.  
0 19 825551 6

Lord Mansfield was able to change the common law in another way also without appearing to be innovative. This was by the application of principles and practices already established in equity. Equity was the system by which the Lord Chancery enlarged and improved the law while leaving it formally intact. He did this by giving to disappointed suitors the relief which the judges said they were impotent to grant. Most of the principles on which this relief was granted had been settled by Lord Mansfield's time, but to get it was necessary to start a second set of proceedings in Chancery. Mansfield dispensed the relief himself, thus beginning the fusion of law and equity which was completed by statute a century later.

But he was less successful when he tried to introduce into the law of contract equitable principles which had not been fostered in the Chancery, though at least he was influential enough to get his ideas a hearing. For two centuries since, judges have toyed with his unjust enrichment as a cause of action; after another century, who knows? Likewise, nothing has yet come (though it may still) of the call to remove from the common law the technicalities of "consideration" which Mansfield so much disliked.

In matters of procedure the president of a court had greater power than he has today and Mansfield used his effectively. It was he who made the extemporaneous judgment the rule instead of as it had been in England, and still is in most countries—the exception. He initiated consolidation of actions. He insisted on expeditious hearings and manifested "a sceptical attitude to the excuses put forward by the lawyers". Delay on the part of the legal profession, writes the author of this new life, "is the greatest single cause of delay in legal proceedings". Edmund Heward is the chief master in Chancery, so he ought to know.

Mansfield's contribution to English law was assessed forty years ago by the late C. H. S. Fifoot. Heward goes over much the same ground but with a rather different object. He is looking for the men behind the law reports, and presents a life-like picture of his subject not merely as a lawyer but as a man. This is the first full biography of Mansfield since 1797.

The inspiration for it was the rediscovery by an abbot at Scone Palace of the splendid establishment from which in 1718 the young William Murray began his journey to England and to the Bar of Mansfield. These contain the names and dates of all the cases Mansfield decided, and the causes of action; though not, apparently, much else. Heward makes the most of these bare bones; what is more important is that he is well read in the history and memoirs of the period. For Mansfield, as the author said, was not a mere lawyer. His noble family had not much money to spare for the younger son and he made his way by his talents, being a brilliant

## At a judicious pace

By Patrick Devlin

scholar at both Westminster and Christ Church. He moved in the company of such men as Bolingbroke.

He was in the House of Commons for twelve years, all of them spent as a law officer; in Parliamentary warfare he was the chief antagonist of the elder Pitt. He and his wife were a sociable couple; they entertained at his town house in the northeast corner of Bloomsbury Square and his country house at Kenwood on Hampstead Heath, which he bought from Lord Bute.

Although Mansfield continued to dabble in politics after his appointment to the King's Bench, as was the custom of Chief Justices in those days, his ambition was never political. He wanted to be a great judge, great both in the place which he held and in what he made of it. In this he succeeded. His abilities covered every category of his duties. In the conduct of proceedings he showed dignity, courtesy, and despatch. He was industrious, and there was never a case in which he had not mastered both the law and the facts. He could employ his language on great occasions and a simple lucidity on ordinary ones. He was tolerant and moderate.

I had supposed his physical figure to be as majestic as his reputation, but in fact he was a little under middle height. Yet he had presence. Heward describes the retreating of a jury after long deliberation with a verdict which it knew was not what the judge wanted. Mansfield had gone home; the jury were huddled into hackney coaches and sent round to Bloomsbury Square; they stood grouped in the hall with attendant footmen; the judge appeared at the parlour door, stood there to receive the verdict and received it in silence; he turned and the jury departed.

Mansfield was not a judge who wanted by his judgments to make the heavens fall. He had a keen eye for what was practicable and possessed one of the most necessary, if the least magnificent, of judicial talents: the art of manipulation—he was skilled in applying the law so as to violate neither the justice of the case nor the law itself.

Was he an activist judge? In the sense that he worked hard to improve the law within the recognized limits of the judicial power he was. But not in the sense that he used the judicial power to serve social or political ends. If we look back on his judicial deeds, we see him as battling for the liberty of the individual by striking down the general warrant. But we see him also, engaged in a lifelong struggle, which he lost, to suppress what we think of as free speech and what he thought of as sedition. In both cases he was following precedent.

Whenever he could properly evade an issue of law he did, and this also is the mark of a good judge. The law must never be run up and off by postponement the chances of conscience are increased. But when the issue had to be faced, Mansfield faced it, for he had judicial courage as well as judicial caution; and complete independence.

It is a striking example of the popular attitude to slavery just two centuries ago that the only attention which the proceedings attracted in a court of law was in an action brought by the shipowner against their insurers for the loss of the cargo. "The owners relied on justness, which allows some of the cargo to be sacrificed to save the rest and that the sacrifice is a loss recoverable under the policy. For this purpose they had to show that the sacrifice was necessary, and they said that there was not enough water aboard to keep all the slaves alive. At the trial at Guildhall the jury found for the owners. On appeal to the King's Bench a new trial was ordered. Mansfield thought necessity insufficiently proved; he pointed out that the negroes were thrown overboard 'after the rain'.

By our standards this is not a heroic decision. But one of the less heroic, though often effective ways by which judges achieve justice beyond the law is by niggling, thus giving time for public opinion to take effect. At any rate the owners did not persist with the action and in 1790 Parliament forbade insurance of slaves lost by throwing overboard of slaves on any account whatsoever, thus taking another step towards the abolition of slavery in 1834.

Moderation, as Edmund Heward says, was Mansfield's watchword, and some confused it with timidity. To be judicious, as Mansfield was, is never to be glorious. But glory should not hold the English judge. Keeping the balance is dull work, while upsetting it can be fun. When Mansfield retired at eighty-eight (he should have gone two years before, but that still leaves Lord Denning with five years to catch up), Burke said of him that he antediluvian the law by making its liberality keep pace with justice and the actual concerns of the world. Keeping pace seems to me the significant phrase.

The administration of justice is and has been a great British achievement, yet the public knows less about the great English judges than it does about the comparably great in other walks of life. This book should help to remedy that. It is very readable and not for lawyers only.

## SEXUAL VARIANCE IN SOCIETY & HISTORY

Vern L. Bullough

"This work is the first important product of a new historical effort which attempts to trace the development of sexual attitudes throughout the ages, placing special emphasis on sexual nonconformity. It is especially suitable as an introductory textbook in the history of sexuality in Western and ancient civilizations, Islam, China, India and Africa, with substantial bibliographical assistance for the interested reader." Michael Goodrich, *American Historical Review*, 716 pages, £18.00.

## THE COMIC MIND Comedy and the Movies

Gerald Mast

Blending information with interpretation, description with analysis, Mast traces the development of screen comedy from the first crude efforts of Edison and Lumiere to the subtlety and psychological complexity of *Annie Hall*. As he guides the reader through detailed discussions of specific films, Mast reveals the structures, the values, and the cinematic techniques which have appeared and reappeared in the comic cinema. This second edition examines the comic developments of the 1970s, including the emergence of Mel Brooks and Woody Allen as the two greatest American comic stylists of the seventies. 354 pages, illustrated, 2nd edition, £13.20 cloth, £5.60 paper.

## THE ROLE OF LIBRARIES in the Growth of Knowledge

Don R. Swanson, editor

This volume containing the Proceedings of the Forth Conference of the University of Chicago Graduate Library School, explores fundamental problems of access to knowledge as well as the processes by which knowledge grows. First published January, 1980, *Library Quarterly*, 135 pages, £4.50.

## CHICAGO

The University of Chicago Press  
126 Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1W 9SD

## Patchwork

- There are ribbons that hold you together,  
Hooks and eyes, hollows at the collarbone,  
As though you dismantle your skeleton  
Before stepping out of the crumpled ring,  
Your nipples under my fingertips  
Like white flowers on a white ground.
- I pull up over us old clothes, remnants,  
Stitching together shirts and nightshirts  
Into such a dazzle as will burn away  
Newspapers, letters, previous templates,  
The hearth too, a red patch at the centre  
That scorches the walls and our low ceiling.

Michael Longley















## Sounds of affirmation

By Wilfrid Mellers

DAVID MATTHEWS:

Michael Tippett  
An Introductory Study  
120pp. Faber. £5.95 (paperback, £2.95).  
0 571 10954 3 (paperback, 0 571 11527 6)

ERIC WALTER WHITE:

Tippett and his Operas  
140pp. Barrie and Jenkins. £7.95.  
0 214 20573 8

Sir Michael Tippett, having attained three quarters of a century, must be growing weary of our habitual expressions of astonishment at his perennial youthfulness. The point, however, is crucial: for those of us who regard Sir Michael as the greatest living composer (not merely in this country) hold this opinion precisely because of the simultaneous exuberance and intensity of "felt life"—to use Henry James's expression—in his scores.

Tippett was a slow starter. On his own admission his technique, in his early days, was fallible because his identity was ill-defined. Even when he had found himself his

writing was a bit gauche, or at least seemed so to performers who found it difficult to negotiate. Yet out of, even because of, the difficulty, Tippett created affirmations of life. One will never forget the vision of spirit produced by the closing pages of *A Child of Our Time* when it was first inadequately performed in that dark time of the year which threatened an end to Europe. The curmudgeonly said it loved those who heard it so deeply for extra-musical reasons; yet what is music or any art if it is not an assertion of humanity against inhumanity, anywhere and everywhere, and how inseparable, in that desperate contest, must musical genius have been from strength of mind and moral fibre? How marvelous, too, that from that moment Tippett should have gone on to spend seven years gestating and creating that cornucopia of an opera, *The Midsummer Marriage*, a celebration of life and love as secured in musical invention as it is deep in psychological insight, the one being identical with the other.

This remains the central affirmation in Tippett's career; in the light of it his past was transformed, and out of it stemmed his future. Because it is a mature masterpiece (which *A Child of Our Time* is not, despite its prophetic significance), it demonstrated that Tippett's difficulties are also profound simplicities. The ritual the opera celebrates could not be more

humanly fundamental: the bounding elasticity of the melodies, the vibrant spring of the rhythms, the simultaneousness of the harmony and textures "sound" superbly when we are less than a third of the way through the conditions that have nurtured Tippett and us) they are far from easy, they none the less preserve a spontaneity complementary to that of the folk-song, the staccato and seventeenth-century polyphony, and the twentieth-century jazz on which Tippett's sensibility and voracious musical appetite had basked.

Wary caveats about defective technique had to be abandoned; Colin Davis's performances of the music revealed that it was not Tippett who was deficient but those who, honestly aware of the perfections of our times, could not follow him in his miraculous credon of joy from pain. He proved that such a metamorphosis was possible; in modest return we learnt that it was possible to play his music—and to delight in the life-enhancing act. And of course, being Tippett, he did not stop with this glorious affirmation. His later operas, occurring more or less in seven-year cycles, again ask questions about the world we live in and are again considered disturbing, puzzling, perhaps even unsatisfactory. Nowadays, however, there is more readiness to believe that Tippett may be right: that we will come to recognize that the tighter economy of texture and the enca-

solating of time structures in the later operas are an integrally human evolution. If Tippett tootery on a tightrope between heaven and hell, so do we all; no one seems more likely than he to steer us across. At heart Sir Michael has always been a Beethovenian composer; like Beethoven, especially late Beethoven, he still makes affirmations, without oversimplifying the odds.

In his middle years Tippett's technique was luxurious, today it is resiliently spare. Either way, though powerfully direct in its assertion of life, it is also difficult because both dense and deep. It follows that any verbal discussion of Tippett's music is not likely to be adequate unless it betrays similar qualities. David Matthews's little book, being a contribution to Faber's admirable series of introductory studies to the music of modern composers, is thereby precious from depth and density. The author does as well as he can within the scope of a mere hundred pages, commenting on a few selected, representative works without attempting detailed analysis, let alone any comprehensive survey. He writes with intelligent lucidity, touching on most of the essential Tippettian themes, and hinting at the interconnections between their musical and their psychological and philosophical aspects. Inevitably, however, he has no space to discuss, say, the relationship between seventeenth-

century false relation and twentieth-century blue notes, and what the ambivalent attitudes to such things mean. What is needed—and it by and by is a fully-fledged analysis of Tippett's music which will reveal its evolution from a phonic bar to bar, from operatic composition to group of cast positions, or group of cast positions to the next. Only then can the sublime simplicity of the complexities be manifest.

Eric Walter White's book on the operas attempts even less than David Matthews's introduction. It is useful as a log-book providing information about the genesis of the operas, the chapter on *Midsummer Marriage* being the most interesting, since it contains a series of letters from Tippett to the author concerning his dramatic, rather than musical, problems during his years of work on the project. There is, however, in this chapter or elsewhere, virtually no discussion of the music as such; and while we can fault a book for failing to do what was outside its intention, we can validly comment that a book on Tippett's or anyone's operas which leaves out the music omits more than half the tale. Mr. White is one of our most distinguished writers about music in a theoretical vein; may we hope that he will repair this omission?

There is, for example, the essential practicality of Franz Janáček, one of Hines's saxophonists, reaching some facts about the life of the composer, the hoodlums who in Chicago: "You got your money every night, because the next night the joint is liable to be burned or gone, or closed, or palmed across". Or the white trash Rud Levitt recalling the Willie East with Dixie Gillespie's chest: "I put 'Jewish' down as my visa for Pakistan, and they weren't going to let me into the next country, which I think was Syria". Whereupon the Department promptly rejected the application—this time for a Presbyterian.

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## An end to élitism

By Richard Calvocoressi

THE SOCIAL ROLE OF ART  
Essays in Criticism for a Newspaper  
Public  
Mapp. Gordon Fraser. £6.95.  
0 8692 048 8

In the final essay in this careful selection from his own *Evening Standard* column, Richard Cork explores "the appalling level of art criticism in British newspapers". It goes on to thank his former editor for a "free hand" extended to him as the *Standard's* art critic. The article, which is not one of Cork's most convincing, is a somewhat tedious polemic on the absence of commitment among fellow art reviewers—was written as a farewell piece for that paper which he had been from 1959 until the summer of 1977 and which he has now rejoined. It contains a succinct expression of Cork's credo: namely that art should, indeed will, "belong to a dwindling élite" and that "the creation of this new art can only come about when society itself has become socialist, in the fullest and most humanitarian sense of the word".

It is indeed remarkable that, week after week for close on a decade, Cork was allowed to dispense with the customary narrow coverage of specific art exhibitions in London in order to direct his readers' attention to the broader issues to which such occasions give rise. Lovers of painting and sculpture must look elsewhere than in this volume for fresh imaginative insights into family life or unfamiliar works. Instead, the essays (some of which have postscripts added by the author) are gathered together under five sociological headings. They deal passionately and often provocatively with the failure of education, the exclusiveness of much art, whether old or new (the recent trend towards art as investment comes under severe attack, though the author's criticism is not based on concrete evidence. It is also surprising that he ignores the very real social role played by museums in the provincial cities, where a broad cross-section of the community, and not just those belonging to the

single factor such as this. Much as one would like to believe it, Cork's underlying assumption that art is of more to society than of society is not based on concrete evidence. It is also surprising that he ignores the very real social role played by museums in the provincial cities, where a broad cross-section of the community, and not just those belonging to the

## Notables at No 40

By John Russell

JULIE MANET:  
Journal, 1893-1899  
Edited by Jean Griot  
200pp. Paris: Klincksieck.

Julie Manet was the daughter of Eugène Manet (brother of Edouard Manet) and of Berthe Morisot. She was a charming and distinguished young girl who grew up to be a charming and distinguished old lady, of whom nothing but good had ever been said. Even at a great age she was delighted to receive the greatest foreign visitor to Paris in the fourth-floor apartment on rue de Valenciennes, where she had a great deal to tell, and she told it with a crystalline animation that was the envy of her juniors. She was served in the few remaining cups from a service that had belonged to Edouard Manet. Above the door was a plaque that read: "The door was a place from which Manet had sent to his mother from Paris. ('This may go with your things', he had said. 'If I have a house, don't feel that you have to hang it.')

She told how Mary Cassatt had arrived on horseback to pay her visit and she also told how Edouard Manet had stood by her side, with Degas and Morisot, as she was being taken to her room. She had many interesting and amusing anecdotes to tell, and they told nothing of her being "in a house which had been virtually unchanged for more than a century". Nor was it a house that had attracted Paul Valéry had lived there all his life, in 1945, that No 40 rue Valenciennes

the divide between the contemporary artist and society; and the reluctance of the media to give serious attention to the visual arts. Whether one agrees with Cork's observations or his recommendations, these are important concerns which no one involved in art can afford to ignore.

Unlike some other polemical art critics, Cork is a good journalist with a sound art-historical training; his prose is forceful and concise, though he has a tendency at times to succumb to journalistic sloppiness—a split infinitive, a convenient cliché, an Americanism here and there (the most frequent is "disorienting"). His idealism—a blend of populism, egalitarianism and paternalism—is best sampled in his attitude to museums and art galleries, which he sees as élitist establishments little disposed to the idea of the visitor's right to an "explanatory" text, comparative photographic material or special installations. What he neglects to emphasize sufficiently is the danger of didactic displays: all too often the objects end up as mere teaching aids or illustrations in a narrative. "Sophisticated display techniques" do not inevitably mean an increase in accessibility or understanding. Placards like the Tate and National Gallery try by quite conventional means to bring their audience (a predominantly middle-class sector, Cork would complain) into contact with some of the riches of their collections. If the experience proves "life-enhancing" (a Cork touchstone), so much the better; if not, the visitor decides he prefers to spend his afternoon in other ways, and the museum staff, in the priorities of our educational system: art is often worse taught in traditional public schools than in enlightened comprehensives. It may possibly have some connection with the visitor's social background and the environment in which he was brought up but it would be naive to attribute the possession or otherwise of aesthetic sensibility to any single factor such as this.

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